

RIGHT HERE IN NEW YORK

THE EVENING WORLD, SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1913.

HUNTING SHARK--Right Here in New York-- 40,000 Pounds Already Caught



The Thrilling Sport Now at Its Height, With Jamaica Bay Full of the Big Fellows and a School of Sixteen-Footers Reported in Great Neck Bay, Headed for Town.

Tarpon fishing in Florida? Punk! Taking tuna in California? Muhi!

Too far from Broadway.

What's the matter with big shark hunting right in Little Old New York? Not exactly on Broadway or Wall street, for the man-eaters that infest these districts don't afford sufficient fun to be worth the costly bait; but right here in town there's enough of the real gamey kind to make Florida tales of lagoon and California yarns of tuna sound like the bark of a Coney ballyhoo with a whistler lung. Even talking of tuna, they got a 1,300 pounder across on the Jersey shore last week, and he'd have been in town in a couple of hours if he hadn't lost his bearings and got into shoal water. They called him a home mackerel, but he will appear later in the little can labelled "tuna," which is the same thing, except in the south, where he is "tunny."

But to hark back to the shark. Within two weeks some 4,000 pounds of shark have been taken in Greater New York, not including 300 pounds that Alderman Dotzler says leaped into the cockpit of his motor boat in Sheepshead Bay. About 40,000 pounds, mostly in 100-pound portions, but some in 200 to 300-pound lots, from six to eight feet long, have been landed and still are being hunted. If these give out a school of sixteen-footers was reported yesterday in Great Neck Bay headed for town.

Half of these sharks at least were around Jamaica Bay and already were made the weekfish season of 1913 look like a can of sardines with the lid long ago busted. The sharks are killing the fish in thousands and more than 200 fishermen, amateur and professional, are giving them the hook in earnest. They're more fun than weekfish anyway. If a fellow hasn't got to his sustenance out of the catch, listen here:

Two Bay Head Yacht Club shark hunters put out the other day from Mowdowners Park, half of which is in town and the other half in Nassau County. From the moment their motorboat Crumoe left the float they were well within New York all of an exciting afternoon.

A bushel of porpoises was the bait, but the tackle would freeze any of the fish that tried to nibble at the fellows' "anglers." Three big steel hooks, nearly heavy enough to anchor a rowboat and each swivelled to the end of three feet of stout chain, which in turn was coiled to a 300-foot length of east-end, lay coiled in the cockpit. About

four feet above each hook was fastened a foot-long chunk of log butt, nine inches in diameter, the use of which was to appear. There wasn't any gaff—you don't land a shark like a trout. There was a 40-calibre repeating rifle; that's what you "boat" a shark with—maybe.

Fred Strauss, who is the Evans Tumbo of city shark hunters, owns the Crumoe, and his volunteer first mate is George Wells—both members of the Bay Head Club. They dropped down the channel and anchored opposite an old beached wreck, in clear sight of the skyscraper line downtown. A dark fin was darting about like a tipped-up crescent, showing just above the surface, on the best weekfish feeding grounds in the easterly end of the bay.

Eight porpoises were impaled on one of the hooks—shank and all being covered—two of them skilfully hiding the barb. With the cylindrical buoy, the outfit was lowered over the side and line paid out as the tide carried it over the shallows toward the head of Broad Channel. The hunters held their breath as the buoy bobbed several disappointingly weak bobs, then—

"He's got it! Give him line!" yelled Strauss, and the ashore ran out after the buoy had disappeared under water and jumped up again, performing its work of setting the hook in the shark's jaw.

He surely "had it," and it had him, for the line snapped as it recoiled. Then suddenly it slackened; but by this time the anchor was up and the Crumoe's engine spinning in order to aid the fishermen in "keeping a strain" on the "critter." At the tautening of the line a wolf-gray back leaped high out of water, then turned a flashing white belly in a fierce aerial tango contortion, coming down with a splash that sent spray thirty feet around.

"It's the big fellow; we've got him at last!" howled Wells, meaning an eight-footer that had eluded them and other hunters several times.

Just about the shark had them a little more than they had the shark, and man-hunting was as good sport as shark-hunting, according to the viewpoint. For half an hour there were repetitions of the fierce leaps, furious racing, then doubling back at terrific speed as the shark tried to dislodge the torturing hook. And there was some quick action heart-beating as the tension grew. The hunters finally anchored their boat and got ready for the finish. They managed to haul a few feet of line, then had to snub it quickly, for his sharkship wanted that slack worse than they did. Even then the big fish dragged

How to Fish for Sharks.

You need:
Hooks at least 6 inches long, with 3 feet of chain snell.
Line 3-16 diameter—30 feet of it. Bash cord will do; the kinks will come out at the first "strike."
A "bobber," or buoy, about 12 inches long and 3 inches in diameter.
Porpoises, weekfish or snappers for bait, alive when baited. New York sharks don't bite on the salt pork of fiction.
One repeating rifle—bigger bore the better.

WHEN YOU HOOK AN EIGHT-FOOTER:
Give him plenty of time and line, or he'll take both.
Go slack in every time you can, especially when he leaps out of water.
Don't shoot until he is within at most ten feet of the boat and his head is partly clear of water. The bullet will flatten if he's deep.
Wait till he's very dead before taking him into the boat. He isn't all dead until his tail stops thrashing. It can break an arm with its last swing.
Anyway, you don't need him aboard; tow him home astern.

boat and anchor fifty-nine yards. The exertion seemed to tire the quarry and the pair were able to get him within twenty feet of the boat and apparently coming. Strauss reached for the rifle—the line went slack and the hunters glared at one another in voiceless profanity. The hook had torn out and the "big fellow" wasn't caught that time. He's wandering about with a bad toothache, though.

Three "strikes" were made that afternoon—all big ones—and one of them played for an hour during the fierce thunderstorm—it was last Monday. The slicker sou'westered hunters kept right on through flash and torrent, but by the worst of luck another hook tore out and the barb of a third wasn't sharp enough to prevent a six-footer from shaking it loose in one of his mighty leaps.

While the line was fast to the third after the storm had abated Mrs. Wells, who had been anxious for her husband's safety in the furious lightning, came down the bay in a neighbor's motorboat. When she saw the thrilling play she

forgot her worry in her enthusiasm over the battle and yelled: "Stick to him, George; don't let him get away!" like a female fan howling, "Slide, Murray, slide!" That was the one that shook the hook loose. Then she wanted to stay till after dark and help "fish."

Strauss bagged a five-footer Wednesday on the same spot and has a record up to seven feet six inches among his catches.
"You need strong tackle and particularly sharp, stout barbs on the hooks," is the shark killer's advice. "Line up to 3-16 in diameter is none too big and a chain snell is more likely to hold than wire against the savage nips of the triple row of teeth. Shoot him good and plenty before you get your shark into the cockpit. I never believed that yarn about a snapper's tail dying last until I got a wife from the tail of a seven-footer shark that was 'dead' until he hit the deck. Lucky it was my leg; it would have broken my arm."

Some sport—What?
And right here in Little Old New York,

FROM 16 P.M. TO 6 A.M.--At the Corner of Broadway and Forty-Second Street



A Reporter for The Evening World Stands Watch from Sunset of Thursday to Sunrise of Yesterday and Takes Notes of Happenings at the Busiest Corner in the World.

It used to be said that if you really wanted to meet any one in this world there were just two places on earth where you had only to wait long enough and sooner or later he was bound to appear. These two were Port Said on the Suez Canal and Charing Cross in London.

But that was in the days when Fourteenth street was the northern boundary of habitable New York and a lively stable stood on the present site of Hammerstein's Varieties Theatre. Nowadays you must add to these two universal trying places the Four Corners, more properly called the Seven Points, at the intersection of Broadway and Forty-second street, by reason of the implication of streets at the Times Building which includes Seventh avenue.

Take your stand (as the writer of this truthful chronicle did last night) at the southwest corner of Broadway and commune with the ghosts of the old Metropole, or cross over to either of the other corners—and just wait. It will come, aye, he will come. Or she, as the case may be.
At 6 o'clock last night (beg pardon, yesterday morning, for in that neighborhood you breakfast at 6 P. M. and don't think of putting on the soup and fish regalia before 8) the members of the Forty-second Street Country Club were holding an informal reunion in front of the Regan rail, trying to look as if they had just got back from the other side or were going to take the next boat. Malcolm Douglas, house manager of the New Amsterdam, was trying to tell what he said was a new one and an actual experience.

"This morning a ragged old bum struck me in front of the house for a quarter to pay his fare to Mount Vernon, where his mother was dying. He could have travelled on his breath if it had occurred to him. 'Sorry, old man,' I said, 'but I'm broke. I'm going up that way myself, though, and I'm going to walk it, come on.' He was game and we started up the street toward Fifth avenue and round the corner into the Regan's. When we got up to Forty-fifth street I was about all in and the bum took mercy on me. 'Here, old sport,' he said, pulling up in his stride, 'I don't like to see a good fellow like you suffering for a piece of change. Take this.' He

handed me a dollar off a roll that would have choked a bronco. I have never seen him since."

The corners certainly were busy at this hour. Tired looking men and women, evidently just released from offices and shops, were on their way homeward. No, not many of the poor working get class; their route lay further to the south. And not so many of those queerly creatures who operate the typewriters in the offices in that neighborhood. Their time for taking the air had come at least three hours before, what time the boss had got up from his desk and remarked carelessly: "Well, ma, let's call it a day. Me for the ball game."

Or, if he happened to remember that both teams are now in the West, why, Coney Island or Sheepshead for him. Nearly every one is travelling to the north, and a good portion of them drop into the subway at the corner. Or, in case their habitat is Weehawken or Union Hill, they crowd the crociestown surface cars.
Only here and there could a well-known figure be picked out. There goes George Cohan, in town only for a day. He is hurrying for a Long Island train, and, by the looks of him, hasn't written a play since 2 o'clock. And there are Charley Dillingham and Marc Klaw, both of whom got in on the Olympic. Who is the prosperous looking citizen with a vote from Bound Brook in tow? Not our distinguished fellow citizen, Honest John Kellher? No other. And if you caught a word or two of the conversation you would perhaps discover that Mr. Kellher, in his capacity of honorary secretary of the Hand-shakers' Club, has just sold his companion a controlling interest in the McAlpin Hotel on reasonable terms, or maybe the bar privileges of the West Side Y. M. C. A.

It is 7 o'clock by now and you may observe the counter current setting in. From limousines and open-faced taxis men and women, in more or less rigorous evening dress, are debarking in front of the hotels on their way to dinner. If you take a flash at the Armenoville balcony of the Knickerbocker or the Cafe de Paris, across the way, or further up, at the Cadillac or the Regan's or the Astor, you will get ravishing visions of youth and beauty taking food. And drink, of course.
At 7:00 the sun sinks into the Hudson in a salmon colored glory of Maxwell Perkin clouds, making by all odds the

finest show in Broadway. And free at that.
Therefore nobody notices it, all being intent on the new electric sign, which, if you happen to have forgotten, first gave the name to the Great White Way, just beginning to blossom into radiance.

Eight o'clock brings the advance guard to the theatres. No curtain before half-past, but when a man doesn't happen to have anything else on hand he might as well look in and see how the house is filling up.
Not many theatres are open at this season. Of the eight houses in the block of Forty-second street between Broadway and Eighth avenue, all but four are dark. The rest show in place of the electric names of the stars, painted announcements that they will open later on.

The lights are showing on Hammerstein's roof. Just a moment ago a taxi stopped at the stage door to the lower Evelyn Nesbit going into the theatre house to rehearse her act for next week. Observe that Hammerstein has not yet taken down the abhorred name of Thaw from the big sign in front of the theatre, though the petulant beauty has vowed that she will never go on until he does. However, much may happen in a day—including even the change of a woman's mind.
Nine o'clock. In the thickening shade crowds you have an opportunity to make a census of New York's midsummer night costumes. Leave out the women, who know neither season nor weather in dress. Take the men only. Here are some of the outfits that you will notice:

A few small minority of the old guard—in dinner jackets and all things de rigueur.
Bert Wall and Jack O'Brien (the collar twins) in a class by themselves. Admire the fortitude with which these devoted stick to that wonderful neckgear and in the hottest weather moult not so much as a fraction of an inch before the suffocating attitude. The thing is impossible, you say. Yet there's the collar and you simply must admit it.
Linen suits—plenty: white, cream colored, and, horrors! a few of soft brown. One complete suit of white, shoes and hat included, and a man inside of it wearing, by all the gods, gloves!

Plenty of those saucy little jackets buttoned at the waist and unfolding upward to disclose a tie of scarlet or lemon color. Very young men mostly. One here in a double breasted reefer tightly buttoned and all things else comfortable. He wasn't turning so much as a hair.

Any number of country clergymen in scaled waistcoats and high Roman collars. Looked good natured and comfortable, too, as they slyly looked the crowd over.

A large assortment of buyers in from cooler climes and dressed in assorted colors and weights. All having as much to say as they didn't have time to be uncomfortable.

As the evening ripens you observe there is some method to the seemingly methodless wanderings of men who apparently know their way about town. If you have trailed Foxhall Keene for example, or the Waterbury brothers, Larry Monte and Link, or Devereux M'Kean or Jack Polansky or Reggie Vanderbilt, Dr. Charles Sweeney, Diamond Jim Brady, Guy Worthington, Douglas Fairbank, Roy Schiffer, Geo. Gregory, Jerome Siegel, Harry Payne Whitney, Bobbie Collier or any of that assorted bunch you will have observed that they look in for a few moments at the New Amsterdam, take a peek at Hammerstein's roof and wind up at

the Jardin de Danse to look on, or maybe shake a foot, at the turner trotting. At that place of entertainment the crowd in the boxes is as good a show for the observer as the dancers themselves—maybe better.

Two o'clock. Time to eat. Let's hurry over to Jack's (no other place is open at that hour except Union Square). Why, even Louis Martin goes to Jack's for his supper, his own place being closed perforce at one o'clock before he has had time to feed.) If we are prompt and lucky we may get a table and, having ordered, take opportunity to look over the crowd. By the immortal lobster! The same crowd, almost without exception that we have trailed from one theatre to another in Broadway. Man is a gregarious animal who loves to do the same thing as his fellows at the same time and in the same place. Especially if he hasn't any choice.

By the time the crowd has supped at Jack's and got away in taxis to the Brook club or perhaps even home, Broadway begins to look deserted. From the Four Corners, looking in any direction, there are nowhere to be seen more than a few, ten thousand persons, and these are of a dishevelled, after-midnight class. Almost any wayfarer will strike you for a loan on the smallest encouragement and not a few, if you dare to test it, will slide into Seventh avenue with what you give them, in the direction of the "dope joints."

A belated reveler now and again comes up the way singing his indifference to all things of daylight life with rhapsodic energy. Now and then a taxi hurries by, some man evidently striving to get home and to bed before breakfast. In Longacre Square, at the public taxi stand, the chauffeurs are seemingly asleep at the wheel, though the appearance of a chance customer proves that they were sleeping with one eye open.

The morning papers have come up and the boys are crying them in voices which sound strangely loud in that neighborhood. From the distance of two blocks away you can hear the milk wagons, the brewery trucks and the market carts beginning their day. The night fades away before the approaching daylight. Gradually the outlines of the buildings are lined against the sky. Advance sentinels of the daylight appear.

Four, five—six o'clock! The town is astir. Take it from one who stood that watch that the sun has been up a matter of seventy minutes and the shadows are all falling the wrong way—south-westerly for a wonder. The level rays of the sun are in the eyes of the wayfarer travelling eastward. "Another hot day," you say. So it will be. But the night was hot too, in its way.

DANCED 16,000 MILES.

Widespread interest has been created in society circles here by the publication of the "Memoirs" of Countess Lambedorf.

The authoress, who in her youth was an enthusiastic dancer, states that prior to her marriage she attended 225 balls, and after her wedding 52 more. At the different dances she received eighteen offers of marriage. This was before her marriage. Afterwards 272 men sent her love letters, and a hundred of her admirers threatened to shoot themselves in their despair.
The number of dances which the Countess takes to her credit is stupendous. Altogether she took part in 2,804 square dances, 4,500 waltzes, and 200 polkas, her partners numbering 1,700. Of the latter she describes 1,300 as stupid, 300 as mediocre, 120 as offensive, 20 as nice, and 1 witty. Countess Lambedorf estimates the total distance danced by her at not less than 16,000 miles.

Swat the Mosquito—Even in New York!

THE mosquito is worse, in many sections, this summer than before in years. He is always a subject for waiting, but more for dodging and many are the preventives for his bite. Where mosquitoes are not infected they are still objects of interest. They are so irritating and annoying that some city people are wishing they had not gone to the country, and certain others are glad they have not moved to the country.
To prevent mosquitoes from biting, Howard recommends:
Oil of citronella.....1 ounce
30 drops of oil of citronella to an ounce of vaseline.

Woman's Latest Fad in New York---They're Using Atomizers in the Subway

So it your privilege to ride in the subway these hot days or do you have to?

And does your imagination get working when you think of all the odors and breathings of the bunch in seven cars before you swooping down in your defenceless face as the train shrieks through the interborough inferno?
And do you want to know the answer. It's the latest thing happening, right here in New York!
Get out your atomizer!
An atomizer, the latest word in subway etiquette, and a week of it's use there brings promise that it may be a habit. Last you don't show what an atomizer is, we explain as follows: It is one of those squeeze the rubber bulb things till the nozzle squirts a spray of stuff that kills germs. Good I. W. W. barbers try to poke it in your eye after shaving, the object being to frighten you into a tip.
When you have your loaded atomizer in the subway shoot a little disinfectant over your upper person, and if the unsmooth person wedged in the door-

way has an air you don't like give him a shot of it, too.
No one will object, because every sufferer with an imagination has looked over the sea of heads in the cars ahead and conjured up millions upon millions of microbes rising until the rush of air catches the deadly mass, throwing it back a car at a time and causing it to gather foulness until the suffering straphanger in the last car can hardly breathe with fear and disgust of it all.

It took a woman to solve the problem. She boarded an uptown express at Brooklyn Bridge Monday and her Colonial agent and haughty men as she sniffed the car drew attention right away. The thin, aristocratic nostrils of the grande dame quivered a moment as she reached into her knitted handbag, pulling forth an atomizer. Passengers gasped while she calmly sprinkled herself a few times and shot several squirts into the atmosphere for good measure. The supplied complaint to the passengers was not lost on the women, who looked daggers at her. Some blushed, and some glared, but there were a few who decided right

